WOMAN IN HER WORK AND LEISURE—PRIZES OFFERED FOR PRACTICAL SUGGESTION



ELLEN ADAIR

THE HOLIDAY



A Sensible Plan Adopted by Some Modern Wives.

be cultivated by all the hard workers of very fit for his work after this holiday, the present times.

"It is easy to talk," the tired workers slept all Sunday, as he used to do may answer despondently, "but in these days of rush and bustle and competition, how can we afford to take holidays? We have neither the time nor the money."

But it is wonderful what can be done with a little determination.

I am of opinion that wives in particular should take regular "days off." This is for the sake of their mentality as much as for their health. The daily routine of the pots and pans can prove aimost soul-killing to a woman. Men don't realize how much the average wife goes through in the day.

"This three-meal proposition is dreadjust seems as if my life was being drag- long together. ged out forever in the kitchen."

What does your husband think about it?" inquired a sympathetic friend.

noisy and exhausting it is down at the for the week. office every day."

"Didn't you let him know how hard ou worked at home?" asked the sympathetic friend indignantly.

"Oh. yes," said the wife, "but he only smiled indulgently, as if I were a petted shild who had to be humored. You can't convince a man that wives have a hard time, for they just won't believe it. I know perfectly well that John imagines I spend the greater part of every day lying on the sofa with a box of candy at my elbow, reading the latest novel."

A number of wives decided lately to cultivate the holiday habit all the year round Every Saturday afternoon they went off on a week-end walking tour with their husbands.

"I have found it an excellent plan."

said an attractive young wife. "My hus-band gets away early from the office on Saturday. We lunch together in town, then take the train to some place about 20 miles out of the city and begin our walk. No, we don't carry baggage with us, but send clothes for the night shead by parcel post. We slways arrange be-forehand what hotel we are going to sleep at on Saturday night. On Sunday, we get up early, and continue our walk. At about 6 o'clock on Sunday night we dies at some quiet country inn, then take the train back to town.



A Tailor-made Suit This attractive suit, with its braided frog effects, should be carried out in gray cloth. The coat is out on the newstillnes sud has a very smart, long effect at the back. The lining should be of white allk, with an interlining set in for extra-

In the Kitchen

Mvery one is talking about the high ecst of living, and here is a menu, includ-ing a soup and three meat dishes, for the small and reasonable sum of 5 cents. It may sound improbable, but such is the case. The meat used is a only's head, and this usually costs about 5 cents. This varies in different localities, of

If your butcher hasn't a head in stock, If your butcher hasn't a head in stock, order one in advance, and be sure to see that there is a brain in it. Soak the head in salted water for several hours. Fut the brains and tongue away in a cisan cloth. Boil the head until the meat falls away from the hone. Then gliow it to cool. Free the meat from all hone and gristle and pass it through a meat-chopper or chop it finely rourself. Now however some flour, adding butter, recoming, one organd a little stock. The last thing should be a hard-boiled egg. chopped fine, and a tablespoonful of cherry. Heat the chopped meat in the graver and serve.

sherry. Heat the chopped meat in the gravy and serve.

The record dish is made of the brains. Hell them in salisd water, with a small entire allocd, and a bay leaf. When done, take them out and serve with a black, butter or white sauce. Or, if you prefer it, you can saute or fry the brains.

The tongue should be belled and served has with tenuate or a piquant sauce, or it may be served in gold allows, as ordinarily a white sauce with capers or a rement drawing and spinned are good with tempts, too. The bilts will serve admits the product of the product of

The holiday habit is one that should "My husband says that he always feels much more so than if he lay in bed and

> "As for myself, I feel a different person altogether when Monday morning comes around. It used to be such a dismal, dreary sort of time. But now I feel so well and strong after my long country tramp, and I have always another trip to look forward to at the end of the week

"Another good point in this holiday scheme is that my husband and I have got to know each other so much better You will think this rather a strange way of putting it, since we have been married for 10 years, and have had ample opportunity in that time to become acquainted. But let me tell you we haven't. fully hard," said a tired little wife. "It So many people are always dropping in Bierally ties me to the house! As soon to lunch and tea and dinner that I often as I have cooked one meal I have to think our house resembles a hotel. Then start in on another. You have no idea my husband's club takes up so much how I hate the very sight of food. It of his time, and we are seldom alone for

"But on these week-end walking trips, we have no one to interrupt our con-"Oh, he just doe't think," answered versation. Never before did I realize the little wife despendently. "You can't what an interesting, well-informed man convince the average man that his wife my husband is. And I know that he has doesn't have an easy time of it. There learned to appreciate me more, too. You are none so blind as those who will not are the best companion a man could wish you know. John comes home at for, he said last time. And I was so night and sinks into the nearest chair delighted. Yes, I advise all married peowith a martyred expression on his face sole, who can manage it, to go away 'How calm and quiet and restful it is in regularly for quiet little week-ends. It this house here,' he will say. 'After all, doesn't really cost much, either. And it woman's true place is in the home. I keeps doctors away from the home, for envy you, Mary. You don't know how it really sets one up in splendid health

> "We continue this habit in the winter time, too, unless the weather is too hopeless. But, so far, my husband and I have gone away every single week-end, and have had delightful tramps in the cold, frosty weather. I enjoy winter week-end tramps quite as much, if not more, than summer ones."
>
> In over a cold, 30.
>
> Gloves seem to remain about the same in price, in spite of the reported scarcity. One store is having a cale, and here are their prices: 12-button length white kid gloves are \$2.50, and the 20-button length gloves are \$3.50.

Prizes Offered Daily

offers readers of the Evening Ledger a number of daily prizes for original ideas and helpful suggestions. These may deal with any subject which is of general interest to women, and include Ways of Making Estra Maney, Entertainments and Parties, Sewing Devices, Management of Children, Sickroom Suggestions, Labor-saving Devices, Household Helps, Renovation of Clothes, Home Decoration, Educational Hints and a wide variety of topics not indicated.

EVERY SUGGESTION PUB-LISHED WILL RECEIVE A

PRIZE.
Envelopes should be addressed to

Ellen Adair,

Editor of Woman's Page, Evening Ledger, Independence Square, and should have the word "Sugges-tion" written in the top left-hand

Seen in the Stores

The shops are showing a goodly num-ber of bargains, and it would be worth while for the shopper to take advantage

Lovely hand-made Madiera napkins

Lovely hand-made Madiera napkins, with dainty scalloped edges are only 35 a dozen. The machine-made ones are only 33 a dozen, and it is almost impossible to tell the difference.

There is a new idea in card table accessories, and it is quite the prettiest thing imaginable. The set costs 54, and consists of a table cover and four napkins. These are decorated with the different figures, such a spades, chubs. erent figures, such 's spades, clubs, rearts, etc., in the appropriate colors. The pretty part of it is that these are lone in hand-embroidery, not the usual butline stitch.

Bath sets are very handy, and include the stitch.

Bath sets are very handy, and include everything you might need. One set seen recently was of the heaviest Turkish toweling, and there was a large mat, two small towels, two large ones, and two thick washeloths, all monogrammed to match. This sold for \$3.50. A plainer style, with a wreath and a blank space for the monogram, was \$3.

In this same shop there is a sale of fine Irish linen towels, great big ones, with rose and pansy patterns, for 50 cents up appear.

apiece.

The cutest little favors for the young folks are the Nonh's Ark handkerchiefs. These are very fine linen, and on the corner is embroidered one of Noah's companions, a long-necked crane or a funny giraffe. These come in a neat box, which holds three, and costs 50 cents.

All silk comforts for Milady's bed can be had in the palest of pastel colorings, pink, baby blue, yellow, and even mauve.

pink, baby blue, yellow, and even mauve. They are only \$5.



ATTRACTIVE AFTERNOON FROCK

JOHN ERLEIGH, SCHOOLMASTER A Gripping Story of Love, Mystery and Kidnapping By CLAVER MORRIS

Marchioness of Wimberley, is at Harptres School, of which John Erleigh is head master. John and Anne are engaged to be married. Lord Arthur Meriet, uncle of Guy Wimberley, carms John that there is a plot to put the bay out of the way. Dick Meriet, a cousis, and in line for the incheritance of the great Wimberley estates, is concerned in the plot. The other plotters are Vertigas, a science master at Harptree, who has a hold on John Erleigh, and Mrs. Travers, Erleigh's sister. Mrs. Travers was deserted by the man she loved, and this man was accidentally killed by John Erleigh, Mrs. Travers does not know that her own brother killed the John Erleigh, Mrs. Travers does not know that her own brother killed the Johner of her child, James.

James Travers falls in love with Guy's sister Joan. In an automobile accident he saves her life, but loses his right hand, and his career as a pianist.

Mrs. Travers sees Vertigan and informs him that if he exposes Erleigh she will expose him Wimberley takes his motor our for a trip home. The car breaks down. After valleing holf a mile Wimberley trips over an obstruction. When he auchiess he finds himself is as old barn. Bending over him is Doctor Anderson, of John Erleigh's school. Dector Anderson and an assistant attempt to transport him caross a river. In a struggle Wimberley draws his revolver, fires and makes his Guy Wimberley, warns John that there is

escape.
Lord Arthur discovers Vertigan wounded. He says he was following two menwho had attempted to kidnap Guy Wim-

draws his revolver, fires and makes

Lord Arthur discovers Vertigan wounded. He says he was following two men who had attempted to kidning Guy Wimberley.

Lord Arthur disbelleves the story and deminds from Brieigh that Vertigan be dismissed. The truth is that Dooter Anderson, who attempted the leidnapping is in a plot of which Vertigan knows nothing.

James Travers to deeply in love with Lady Joan Meriet.

Her mother and his mother agree that the children must not be encouraged.

Without warning, Guy Wimberley disappears.

appears.
Eriotoh tells Anne that the boy has run
sway. After Lord Arthur's accusation
against Mrs. Travers, Brisigh goes to London.

on.

Mrs. Travers denice all knowledge of
he boy's solereadouts.

CHAPTER XIX. (Continued.)

Lord Arthur and Danham glanced at each other as much as to say, "The fellow isn't such a fool as he looks." Then the three men seated themselves in the cart and the horse went slowly down the gentle slope from the marshland to the sands. A minute later its feet were splashing in the water, and the cart lumbered along with its heavy load, now passing over dry land and now almost up to the axle in some current that socured a gully through the flats.

through the flats.
"I hope we shan't get washed away," said Denham.
"No fear," laughted the labores. "Too much ballast-gee up, Mary,"
At last they reached the green edge of the marsh, and Lord Arthur, standing up in the cart, had a clear view of the whole island. There was not a road or path of any kind to be seen-merely a green ex-panse of coarse grees and marshweeds.

"We've got to get over to the seaward side," said Lord Arthur, "by the channel—where the boat can put in. Can you drive across?"

"Naw," said the man, "but I can drive He turned the horse's bead and the eart lumbered slowly round to the other side. Here there was a beach of shingle, and the water ran deep close to the island. The three men alighted and began to unload the cart. In less than ten minutes all the bags were piled up in a heap at the edge of the grass, where they would be safe, even at high tide. Lord Arthur gave the laborer a sovereign and the

touched his greasy cap.
"I'd like," he said slowly, "to be doing this sort of job all day."
Than he climbed into the cart and drove

Then he climbed into the cart and drove off at a trot. Lord Arthur and Denham, having nothing better to do, crossed the island and watched the cart go bumping and awaying across the sand. Lord Arthur looked at the fellow through a pair of field glasses.

'I'd like to see him shot out," he said with a grin. "Waken him up a bit."

But Lord Arthur's wishes were not gratified. The men reached the mainland in safety and drove straight up to the car. Then he allghted and began apparently to smannine the various levera. "Curse the follow," said Lord Arthur, "What's he doing?" queried Denham. "I can't see without glasses." "Medding with the machinery, Denham," and thun after a pause. "Mareiful heavens the leut has cented himself in the car and it's moving along the road. He'll smach it to bits."

glided swiftly away, trailing a thick cloud of dust behind it. The two men looked at each other for

The two men looked at each other for a second in blank amazement. Even Denham, without the aid of glasses, could see that the car was being driven off along the road. Then Lord Arthur laughed. "Done in the eye, by jove." he exclaimed. "Our precious yokel! Upon my word, Denham, you've a bit to learn in your profession—that fellow's got the better of you."

better of you."

Denham flushed angrily and stepped off the marsh onto the wet eand. "I'd better go after him, my lord," he said, "at once."
"You'd better do nothing of the sort.

"You'd better do nothing of the sort.
You're not likely to overtake him, and
we've arranged to stay here."
"But the motor, my lord—it must have
cost a thousand pounds."

"It cost twelve hundred, to be precise,
"It cost twelve hundred, to be precise,
Denham. But it's not the sort of thing a
man can steal. We shall get the motor
back all right. He's only borrowed it, I

"My lord," stammered Denham, "You like a shadow. The twilight deepened into darkness, and lights gleamed out pared for something of this sort. You along the coast, sparkling brightly in the

must be fair to me, my lord. Such a keen, clear atmosphere. But none of the thing as this could never have entered lights moved, save one far away in the any one's head. I don't see what they're playing at. Lord Arthur took a cigarette from his

edge of the road and trying to make a meal off the canty herbage. The motor was out of sight, and not even a thin "A cloud of dust remained to mark its trail across the level plain of marshes.
"I went to the farmer, as I told you,
my lord," Denham continued; "a man

of the name of Brantwood, and said we wanted the horse and cart to take some ballast across to Bartsea. He didn't jump at the idea at first, and it wasn't till I offered him a sovereign that he agreed to let me have the thing. I pre-sumed the man was one of his earters. What else should I think, my lord? I don't see what they're playing at at

Lord Arthur placed the field-glasses to his eyes and searched the cosstline. Then he smiled.

"A man running," he said, "along to the left there; I shouldn't wonder if that isn't Brantwood's carter." He handed Denham the glasses, and the latter watched the man for nearly

"That is what it is, my lord," he sald.
"Our fellow got hold of the cart some-how. Still, I don't see why. He could easily have come up afterward and taken off the motor."

off the motor."

The man came up to the horse and, setsing it by the bridle, turned it round. Then he jumped up into the cart and began to gesticulate, throwing his arms up above his head and then pointing inland and out to see. After a minute of these antics he lashed the horse with his whip and the animal broke into a gallop.

The smother of foam at their bows gleamed in the sunlight.
"They don't intend to turn up," said
Lord Arthur, 'and, here we are stuck in
this rotten hole tilk,midnight."

"Too rough, perhaps, my lord."
"To but it. They would have allowed for bad weather. No provision was made for that in the letters. If the worst came to the worst they could cross from the mainland. Besides, it is not really rough—only a fresh hereze."

mainand. Besides, it is not ready toward months from the process."

"You think, my lord, they never intended to come?"

"I don't know what to think. I only know that here we are stuck on this island with £50,000 in gold." Denham put his hand in his pocket and

took out an automatic platel.
"I think, my lord," he said slowly, "that
we may have to make a fight for it.
They'll come on us when it is dark."

"Take the money and give us nothing in return, eh?"
"Something like that, my lord."
The sun sank below the horizon, and the gray twilight came up from the east like a shadow. The twilight deepened into darkness, and lights gleamed out main channel, and that belonged to some great steamer going down toward the mouth of the Thames. Lord Arthur and case and lit it. Then he looked at the the detective sat down with their backs mainland with a puzzled frown. The to a pile of canvas bags—the only shell-horse was still standing patiently by the ter they could find on the wind-swept isl-Their hands were in their pockets and Their hands were in their pockets and their teeth chattered with the cold.

"A nice job this, Denham," grumbled Lord Arthur. "Upon my word, I wish they'd come. A bit of fighting would warm us up."

"Shall we go off at low tide, my lord?"

"And leave the money here? Not much.

As soon as it is daylight you can go and find the police. We'll take back the gold and have a look for my car. I dare say there'll be some communication from the scoundrals if they have really been pre-vented from turning up."

Denham relapsed into silence. The

prospect of spending the night on the island was not a very pleasing one. And, as the wind hissed past in the darkness and the noise of the shingle being sucked back by the waves made an almost con-tinuous roar, he thought longingly of his anug room at Monksilver, and the warmth snug room at Monksilver, and the warmth and gaisty of the servants' hall. Lord Arthur filled and lit a pipe, and a nearly an hour passed before he spoke again. "Keeping awake?" he queried. "Yes, my lord. It's hardly comfortable enough for me to fall salesp."

'I suppose not, Denham. Heard nothing, have you?"

'Only that infernal rattle of the shingle, my lord."

That'll ease off a bit as the tide goes down. Like a drop of brandy?"
"Thank you, my lord. I wouldn't mind

Lord Arthur handed the detective Me lask. Denham drank a mouthful of the

the island from the east. Then it disappeared, and after a few minutes appeared again, and a few seconds later both green and red lights showed—quite distinctly. But in another minute they had both vanished. "An old trick, that, Denham. What

do you make of it?" do you make of it?"
"Out of hand, my lord—boat drifting, I should say. The wind is bringing her down the channel here. That's about what it seems to me—swinging round and round, she is—going anyhow."

The lights, now one, now the other, now both together, came closer and closer.

dancing up and down on the crest of the waves. Denham and Lord Arthur moved quickly to the eastern end of the island and stood there, watching and wondering if there was any one on board the boat and whether she would ground on the sandspit or be swept past the island and run ashore on the great sandbank to the

west.
"Shall I give her a hall, my lord?" queried Denhan

I'm afraid-there has been an accidentmy nephew-He paused, perhaps unwilling to dis-play any emotion before the datective. "Well, my lord," said Denham, "the

craft is affoat, anyway."
"Tes, and, of course, it may not be the craft we're waiting for." For ten minutes neither of them spoke. the green one disappeared. The red remained quite motionless. It came no nearer to them, and it no longer danced up and down on the rise and fall of the

water.

"Aground," said Lord Arthur, "on the spit. Come along, Denham. You'll have to get your feet wet."

Wish we had a light, my lord. Fm not sure there san't a channel between us and that lamp."

"We'll risk that swim it if neces-

will risk than—swim it if neces-sary."
"If we were to wait a little while, my lord. The tide is running out."
"Wait! Not a minute. If you're afraid, you can stay behind."

you can stay behind."

"Oh. I'm not afraid, my lord," said Denham, and he followed Lord Arthur on to the smooth, wet ridge of sand. Before they had gone a down yards their feet splashed in the water. Ten yards farther on they were up to their knees and small waves splashed them as high as the waist. The water did not get any deeper, but by the time they reached the stranded boat they were wet through.

Lord Arthur took the port light out of its socket, and the outline of the vessel showed clearly in the red glow. It was a motorboat about 40 feet over all, and seven feet in the beam, with a cabin extending from the bows to within 10 feet

a motorboat about 40 feet over all, and seven feet in the beam, with a cabin extending from the bows to within 10 feet of the stern. Built of steel throughout, she looked both strong and fast.
"Seems sound enough." said Lord Arthur as they climbed on board. "Yes." Denham replied; "If she'd come to grief at all she'd have gone down like a stone. It's a miracle to me she's kept affoat with no beam to speak of."
They found the cockpit half full of water, and as the waves stopped against the side of the stranded boat a shower of spray swept across it. Lord Arthur made his way into the cabin through an open door, and the red light of the lamp showed a table and two long bertha and a heap of crockery and odds and endalying in the water on the floor. In the far corner lay what seemed like a heap of rugs and blankets.
"No one here, my lord," said Denham.

"No one here, my lord," said Denham. "You'd better go on into the engine room "You'd better go on into the engine room—for'ard."

Lord Arthur made his way through the water to the far end of the cabin and pulled aside one of the ruge. A face, looked up at him with wide-open eyes and a grinning mouth—the face of a man with a black beard.

"Here, you come out of with."

a black beard.

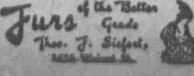
"Here, you came out of this," he shouted, and gripping the man by the collar he dragged him up to a sitting position. The eyes still stared at him, the lips still grinned. He let go, and the man fell back to his original position.

"Oh. Heaven," he mutisred, "the fellow

(Continued Tomorrow.) lopyright, 1918, by the Associated News-

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dead.





Gowns for the Afternoon Bridge Party

lowed by bridge, yesterday. I met quite underskirt being stiffened with a property of the being s number of girls who used to be at good at the bottom, while really me school with me, and we had interesting splendid "flare" effect Everywhere talks over old times. Several of them goes these very wide skirts are to were married, which surprised me very much. But then girls are marrying very young newadays. Mamma says it is si-diculous to do that. She would advise girls to be in no hurry to make up their minds matrimonial-wise. And I'm rather inclined to agree with her. I don't want to get married for quite a long while; at any rate, not till I've traveled a lot and met a great many people.

But to return to Elinor's little bridge party. Some really lovely afternoon gowns were worn. I admired Elinor's one particularly. I'm almost certain it was a French model. It was of heavy taffeta and flowered chiffon. The taffeta was in a lovely mustard shade and the waist ecru. The little flowers dotted on the waist were pale pink roses and a big bow of taffeta was worn at the neck opening. The high lace collar was particularly pretty and suited Eliner's type of beauty

She wore velvet slippers of the same mustard shade as her skirt, and prettily adorned with large silver buckles.

larly well. iderned with large sliver buckles.

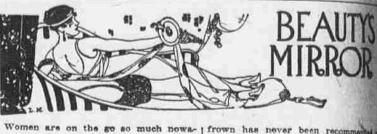
I did admire Elinor's gown immensely, feel quite proud of myself.

Elinor gave a delightful little lunch, fol- It was circular and nut very real

My own gown was very proper It was made at home by m myself, and was very freeze was all black, relieved with co sleeves and upstanding collar Tr skirt was of black satin borden slik plush and fully shirred and hips. Luckily I am rather siles as

odd styles suit me. The bodice was a walstoom to plush, with sleeves of lace is a flounce arrangement.

One fair-haired girl wore a lovely p of flowered silk creps. The skie was series of flounces, all with scalloged at all set above a foundation hand of velvet. The bodice was of flowers crepe, made in loose kimono style a broad girdle of black velvat was we Another pretty gown was of him cashmere. I notice that fand shade to as popular as ever. My next gorn a be of that shade, as it suits me par



Women are on the go so much nowadays that they fail to realize the value of relaxation as a beautifier. They think that they can run around to bridges, teas, dansants, dinners and such things day after day and not show the effects of it. This is a physical impossibility. You can't loss sleep without showing it, sooner or later, and it doesn't take very long.

Beauty is a very elusive thing, and it includes so much that to be truly beautiful a woman must be more or less of a paragon. In the first place, she must be healthy. If you are anemic, or if your face is too flushed, your looks are bound to suffer in proportion. Besides this she must be happy. It is a wise woman who knows the value of happiness as a beaution to equal poise. All the lotion, many the stands to reason that the face tifier. It stands to reason that the face mirrors the mind, and if you are thinking kindly, helpful thoughts and doing kindly, helpful deeds your face will show it. A skin deep."

noying than to rush into your ch to hurry through everything as if were dashing after a train. The e posed, stranguil, well-dressed woman

a beautifier yet.

On the Subject of Children | Furniture of the Do you make your little girl or boy a

nulsance or a delight to your friends? This is what one hostess said after she was alone with her husband for the usual 'talk over" after a dinner party. "I never knew Laura could change so-When she wrote me that she was in town. I thought she would just fill out our

she was devoted to her children, but 1 never thought that she talked of nothing else. I haven't seen little Bobby, but t could give you a detailed account of everything he ever said, thought, or did since his first birthday. "Elvery time some one tried to change

the conversation by mentioning something else, it reminded her of one of Bobby's bright remarks. Of course, she didn't know how she was boring everybody, or she wouldn't have done it, but you know what a confirmed bachelor Tom is, and he fairly made me shiver, he

looked so feroclous."

"Well, I think it is beautiful for people to know something about children," said her husband. "no matter whether it is a hardened old bachelor or a grumpy old maid or a tired business man. It makes people better to come in touch now and then with the joys and sorrows of children even though they be other peo ple's children. At the same time, there is a limit to such appreciation and inter-When will mothers come to realize that people fall to see the cute and cur

that people last to see the cute and cun-ning traits of little Bobby in the process of growing up?"
"It is a hard individual who doesn't respect a mother and appreciate the great love that is here, the like of which love is unknown to the world. At the same time she can keep her friends and draw to herself the friendship and sympathy of others if she respects the truth of the statement that it is a bore to listen to stories about people unknown to every one," said the hostess.

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The proper way to relax is to he for 15 minutes, at least, at 5 o'clock as evening, if you possibly can. The will do you no good if you simply he the top of the body.

will do you no good if you simply the top of the bed. The best thin

is to undress, take a warm bathaniy yourself in a bathrobe and go to

yourself in a pathrope and go is
There are a great many pleasat is
salts which will induce sleep. These
scented with different odors, such as
heliotrops, clover, violets, etc.
You will enjoy your evening much a

heartily, if you prepare to go out he leisurely fashion. Nothing is more

Louis XIV Pers Great stateliness and an air of special are the predominating notes of the la XIV furniture. But there is a con

hard and uncomfortable air, too h certainly substantial and rather

with massive columns and plasters apparty, and so I asked her up. I knew porting the tables and heavy sum rails on the chairs that are ofte like an X In the early part of the r chairs were nearly all straight and or severe in line, but the curved lines as tinued to gain ascendency. The

umphed altogether at the end of The prices of Louis XIV furnitus exceedingly high, but many excellent tations are on the market total bureau of Madame de Maintenon, at m nut with ebony inlay, is a triangle beauty. Bureaus of those days at times had their tops covered with a was called a "carpet." These are were made to fit exactly, and was loned of leather, brocade, serge, satin or damask. The bureau of his de Maintenon boasted a cover of leather for every day and one of damask and gold moire for holidays.

Sundays. A drawing room furnished in the XIV period will always look state beautiful. Certain modifications me made in the severity of the all the little finishing touches will she air of intimacy so notably lacking furniture of that period.



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